

# Silence

I live behind a wall of silence. Many layers thick, and many reasons for it's existence.

Silence with people, in real-time -

because I'm homebound, and see no one. I have no desire to get out and exhaust myself, and my husband, who has to deal with me physically when we leave the house. He's strong, tall (6'5!!), and says it's no problem at all pushing me in the wheelchair, but I don't want to wear him out. If I get desperate feeling, which is rare these days, I'll ask him to take me for a "walk" around the block. The Florida sunshine is the kind of medicine I love.

Beyond being at home 24/7, socializing with people in these parts is very, very limited. I'm in the Florida Panhandle. There is ...an element here. My trust level regarding other people is well below 0%. That's not to say I judge anyone or even dislike them. In fact, if I were not under these physical limitations, I'd probably be connecting with them, somehow, and stirring up all kinds of trouble, causing THEM to run from ME. Because if I hear about problems, I don't crack open a beer with them and chug it down, along with some defeated-in-life commentary. No, I bring out my hands to pray, in real-time, handling the situation right then and there. Eyeballs widen, trouble starts, potential friendship cut short. Where in this world do I belong.

More silence, online. The world I can actually exist in, somewhat. Do things in. Create, learn, play. But--- the silence has found me there, too. Even though I speak online, through whatever format, I have yet to find a way to connect for real with people, as in, real conversations. No email, no inboxes. Is it fear? One might think. More accurately is a protective measure, so I can keep going, without influence, one way or the other. Insults discourage, but compliments are even more detrimental to me. Must not feel good OR bad, in the flesh. I have to stay focused and do my thing,

without being torn down, or ego inflated by praise. (The latter being rare, because I do not seek to win the praise of people, giving deliberately sub-par fodder through which to communicate.) I was stopped in my tracks years ago as an "artist", and will not take that label up again. I seek to please Jesus, not feed my (thankfully, now dead) pride, or seek vainglory, or pride of life. These things sneak along like stowaways in your suitcase, when you're an artist. From the first brush stroke to the signature, you're really presenting yourself to others, through that work of "art". It's really a vain and self-centered endeavor. I fully admire and respect those artists, writers, and musicians out there who are truly selfless, to the bone. I cannot fathom how they maintain a selfless mindset and still be successful in their career.

More silence, with former friends, acquaintances, and basically everyone who ever knew me, before (excluding my daughter, of course.) I'm a different person, not someone they would probably want to know anymore. Moreover, I speak the truth now. It's best that they keep a safe distance. I don't want to cause problems or hurt anyone. But I will speak up now, with no hesitation. This distance and silence was put in place initially to protect me, but now I feel that it's there to protect other people FROM me.

Words matter.

I was extracted from, and delivered from, and set free from a world of toxic poison, spiritually speaking. I believe every "pocket" of poison (groups, connections), as long as it's intact, will thrive. But when people are removed, one by one, like teeth being pulled - it's uncomfortable for both the tooth, and the jaw from which it's being extracted - the toxins are slowly deactivated, reduced, and possibly cured. The less "spreading around" of poison is necessary.

Toxic pools must be broken up.

People pulled away from them must remain away, lest they turn back, and become infected again, or, more likely, be tempted to speak sinfully, when anger and emotion are triggered.

Silence is necessary.

Silence has become my friend. Speaking and "getting it all out" used to be my goal, now, keeping my mouth shut is serving me well.

Silence with people, yet praying to God, to handle life. It works way better than my old ways. I no longer react in feelings or opinions or vain and rambling words. I react to everything now, if a reaction is even there, in prayer. Taking everything to Him, asking that He set my mind and thoughts where they should be. I ask Him to keep my mind, and order my steps. Emotions are kept in check, in their place. If I have tears, I go to Him, and He dries them, so I can get on with my day and my life.

Being physically "disabled" has helped me so much in this life. I can no longer run from my problems, not even take a walk to let off steam. Everything must be handled through prayer. I've grown rich in faith, but barely a penny to my name. I trust Him for all provision.

I'm free, and going in the right direction.

I was once an erupting volcano, with all my thoughts and words, but now, through silence, am finally free.

Thank You Jesus

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Sat. Sept. 28, 2019

Other notes

[https://archive.org/details/fav-notes7\\_24](https://archive.org/details/fav-notes7_24)

Fun (Birdtown blog)

<https://thebirdtownblog.blogspot.com>